

# A PARODY,

UPON THE SONG OF

## POOR JACK.

1 G<sup>o</sup> patter to placemen and pimps d'ye see,  
 'Bout pensions and posts and the like;  
 Equal laws, equal rights, and strict justice give me,  
 And I never to tyrants shall strike:  
 Though the dim shades of ignorance round us now spread,  
 Men's minds to corrupt and debase;  
 Yet knowledge and reason their influence shall shed,  
 And the universe cheer with their rays;  
 Ev'n now they call out, we ne'er shall be slaves,  
 Nor shall tyrants rule over this isle,  
 For the goddess of Freedom her banner high waves,  
 And inspires all her sons with her smile.

2 We heard good Duke Richmond palaver one day,  
 'Bout reform, freedom, justice and truth;  
 And my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and belay,  
 Why---'twas just all as one as high Dutch!  
 For he say that reforms would us founder d'ye see,  
 And our Freedom might go down below;  
 And many odd things that prove clearly to me,  
 That a pension has ta'en him in tow.  
 But away ye apostate nor think to enslave  
 Freedom's sons, or her favourite isle,  
 For the goddess of Freedom her banner high waves,  
 And inspires all her sons with her smile.

3 I said to old Burke, for, d'ye see, he would cry,  
 When France had resolved to be free;  
 What argues *granting* like hogs in a sty,  
 Why?—what a damn'd fool you must be:  
 Don't you know the world's wife, and that Freedom's the  
 work,  
 Engag'd in by sea and on shore,  
 And if to the *Lanterne* you should go my friend, Burke,  
 Why, we ne'er shall be plagu'd with you more!  
 Then away with your faction, nor think to enslave  
 Freedom's sons in her favourite isle,  
 For the goddess around us her banners shall wave,  
 And inspire all her sons with her smile.

4 D'ye mind me a patriot should be ev'ry inch,  
 A supporter of Freedom and right;  
 And for them brave the world without off'ring to flinch,  
 Tho' oppressors and tyrants unite.  
 As for me in all weathers, in peace or in war,  
 My country, my service commands;  
 Our rights are at stake, and the time is not far  
 When her sons shall assert their demands:  
 Then, then, my brave Britons, we ne'er shall be slaves,  
 Nor shall tyrants rule over this isle;  
 See the goddess of Freedom her banner high waves,  
 And inspires all her sons with her smile.